STILL IS IT NIGHT.

Still is it night; The thought which moved my hear; but now hath gone. But with the light

'Tis winter still: The world is cold as yet; so late the snow Lies on the hill, The footste, s of the waking hour so slow

Yet one may hear The soundles: music of the frozen stream Thus joy is mingled in this sorrow's dream. Shall I repine?

At all times-somewhere on this turning earth— The sun doth shine: The death-of hope must be the new hope's

If then the shade Must ever full where I shall chance to be.

And I have made

The shadow in he—still must it comfort me. Still shall I climb.

Even though the stars shine not on my sharp way: Sometime-sometime-That upland I will gain, and find the day.

And if God's grace Hath closed the path, yet my last step shall

With my dead face Turned to that land which I have longed to see. . .- Hobert Burns Wilson, in The Cribic.

MY RICH UNCLE.

Way the Nephew Never Missed His "Lost Expectations."

CHAPTER I. My innate idea of a rich uncle was a bland old gentleman, with tips-i. a sovereignsat his fingers' ends. Experience corrected that. Asked at a school examination the derivation of the term "curmudgeon," 1 answered, unbesitatingly, "Uncle Dick." He had quarreled with my mother-his darling sister-for marrying a Freuchman.

and never seen her since. He lived unmarried, and alone. My mother, long widowed, had partially recovered the loss of a tendo. busband, never this estrangement from exuel brother. It embittered two fives, n. to say three. He had tacitly accepted me as his heir, expressly, I know for the pleasure of plaguing me to death beforehand. Two annual visits I paid him at Hamerton Grange. Conceive a young Daniel, con-gement twice a year to cast himself into a bon's den. Each time I escaped alive, only by miracle, I felt sure. One morning my mother received a letter in his handwrising. its perusal so excited her that I foolishly . dreamt be had relented. Her tones unde

'David!" she exclaimed, impressively, hiding her face, "prepare for the very 'What! is he dend or dving!" I inquired, thoughtlessly-I was only nineteen "Dying! No such thing! Lives to de-

fraud you-my poor, innocent boy. Robbed of your own-your all! Dick, what monstrons revenge is this! He's going to be "Is that all?" said I, like the nincompoor I am. She read aloud: "The lady, Miss P. Celia Watson, is twenty-six, of excellent American lineage.

For father was formerly commender of the constabulary, and died in the diplomatic service at Unionapolis. Her mother was a Howard, connected with certain leading families among our old nobility. Miss Watson is a lady of culture and refinement well worthy to share my name. I think 't my futy to apprise you of an event that touches you so nearly. My nephew is weicome to come next month, as usual. I shall even be happy to see him at the ceremony on the 31st proximo." Here she broke down, sobbing nervously

"Insult beaped upon injury. I believe you always meant to, Dick." Suddenly she looked up with a gleam of inspiration. "I don't believe she's a lady-or Ameri-She never was christened Cel'a.

She's forty if she's a day. Diplomatic

service. Unionapolis-why, that's when our former solicitor, Hopkins, emigrated to. I'll write to him for full particulars about Miss P. Celia Watson." The approaching University boat race than the antecedents of my future aunt. Five weeks later my visit to Hamerton Grange fell due. That morning arrived the

answer from Unionapolis. "This exceeds my brightest hopes," confessed my mother, as she read." "Miss Watson's all right then," said L. innocently. With fond, pitying look she

David, give your uncle this letter. He stends on the verge of a precipice-this will save him. He who said I disgraced him by marrying a D'Aubigny! You may read it, David."

"No, thank you," said I, pocketing the document. I seemed to feel it there like a red-hot coal. Pleasant, carrying a bom!as a wedding present for an uncle like Dica! It was a two hours' journey to Hamerton with a change at Pidcot. Absorbed in Panch, I barely noticed my fellow-passengers-three ladies, one young, and an elderly cleric. I thought we must be nearing Pideot, when the carriage began jerkpleasant, short, sharp whistles sounded. Suddenly the young lady oppsite flung ber-seif on the back seat beside me, steadying ber feet against the woodwork. "Sit still," she said, "it'll be smash directly." One moment I spent in no-man's land. What happened, I never exactly kn:w The pext thing I was aware of was my

neighbor's voice saying: "We're all right now." I opened my Cazed eyes. Human forjamined together, broken glass, splinters, old gentlemen insensible, old ladies sbricking, blood streaming from a cut in some body's head. Horror paralyzed me; not s.

my fair companion.
"Open the door," she said.
"It's locked," I objected. "Lost your railway key? Take mt - " I obeyed, and we extricated the purson, who was beginning to recover.
"More frightened than burt," she deciden. "Get some brandy." Then, as I gazed bele-lessly adown the ditch, she added: "Don's you see the tavern sign behind those treest Run." I ran. When I returned she had bound up the cut, quieted the hysterical la-dies, and was looking at her watch." Irbs."

miss the Hamerton train," she said. "G" my traveling bag out of the carriage, please." I got it Nobody seemed really injured, but the line was hopelessly blocked for hours. "How far to Pidcot?" she asked of the guard. "Six miles. One could drive that in time. "If only cabs grew wild, like those prim roses!" I sighed. "Hamerton is my destination, too.

I see a spring-cart in the tavorn shed, and borses in the field. Come across. Per hass we can task them into putting to. And, by energetic persuasions, she actukindly offered to take me-to Pidcot for a consideration. I besitated thinking the consideration excessive. That's no concern of ours," she re-

minded me, "charge it to the company." Before our fellow passengers had well realized their souls and bodies still belonged together, we two were half way to Pidcot, 1 expressing boundless admiration of her cool intrepidity.

"O." she remarked, "I was in a bigger States! I started. A fair American, bound for Hamerton.

"By all the laws of likelihood, my future aunt, Miss Walson," I surmised, squinting at the initials of her bag, which seemed not

to correspond. "I see what you're doing," she said "They're not mine yet, but they will be. I'm :5 be married on the 31st." Aha! Now was I master of the situation. "Might I know the fortunate man's name;"

I asked. "Richard Grimston, of Hamerton Grange."

"A man of fortune, too, eh?"
"Why, certainly," she rejoined. "Yo. don't suppose a pauper would come proposing to me!"
"Your senior, surely—considerably?"
"Twenty-five years. You needn't cad it a quarter of a century, you know. And I fancy he can look in the glass with boys as young as you, and take the shine out of

I winced. My uncle was a remarkably handsome, athletic man, beside whom I seemed a mere shrimp. "Testy temper, Lobserved

"Well, he's had a bad time, I expect," she replied, "with poor relations loitering, longing to step into the dead man's shoes. Vultures. What makes you fidget so?" "The cart jostles so." I apologized, half "I hate parasites," she resumed. "His little whipper-snapper of a nephen is rightly served. He reckoned on having

the old man to fleece living, and forget when he'd buried him and grasped his pos-I grasped Hopkins' letter in my pocket, my revenge, my most precious possession 'You've spoiled his reckoning," I re-

marked, playfully.
"So perish all fortune hunters!" she returned, likewise. 'Pidcot Junction. Here we are. Just in time." The crowded state of the train precluded further confidences. At Hamerton, as I saw her off in the only cab, she produced her card, saying:

"You'll be looking after your luggage here to-morrow. You might look after mine and have it sent up." I promised compliance and started to walk to my uncle's.

CHAPTER II. As I sighted the gates of Hamerton Grange I nerved myself for the ordeal of

pleasing sensations I-as heir-presumptive was regularly subjected to.
There was an odious mongrel our-the only creature my uncle loved-whose bite was worse than its bark, which was atrocions. Hearing the distant music, I drew on the thick gloves I provided expressly,

and prenared for events by anticipation. I shall struggle to the door, Uncle Dick enjoying my torment behind some blind; I stand, warding off the beast with one hand, pummeling the door with the other-the ell-wire had been broken these two years. Presently Mrs. Pike, the housekeeper, put-ting her head out of door, as if to repel a thief, admits me by a chink, under protest. Uncle receives me in a chilly sitting-room and a hideous dressing-gown I detest. Crossing the threshold, I trip upon an old established hole in the carpet. He compliments me on my graceful deportment, inquires when last I was flogged, or plucked, and so on, with characteristic amiability. My mother's existence is ignored. We sit down to a comfortless meal of cold pork or boiled mutton. No wine is served. If a cigar is offered, I know it is a pefidious trap to convict me of premature habits of dissipation. After dinner we play chess. Woe to me if I win-I cheat; if I lose, I'm an idipt, not worth checkmating. At ten I am ordered to bed. Should I try to forget my cunui ever a novel, his curfew knock soon warns

That bark came no nearer. By some nistake they had forgotten to let Fairy cose. Fearful lest they should recollect, I hurry to the door, hammer away, and vent may spite on the dumb bell-handle. Horror! roused a peal to wake the dead. Just my luck! It had been mended.

A parlor maiden, with a pretty figure opened the doors wide. I nearly fainted.
"Has anything happened to Mrs. Pike!" I stammered. "O, no; sir," Phyllis replied. "I'm her

"Time you did, "thought I, entering, but stopping short at the spectacle of Uncle Dick stalking into the hall to meet me. Is hat a coat I see upon his back, and, graious powers, what has he got on his face?

"Good-day, nephew, glad to see you," he says, and walks me into the dining-room. Am I mad or dreaming! Actually, he is asking after "those at home." I answered vacantly but instead of rating my stupidity, he inquires good-humoredly what I am looking at.

"I was admiring your new carpet," I con-The drugget was getting shabby. Draw your chair to the fire and tell me what you

mean by arriving on foot, without lug-He was quite chatty, quite jolly! You soon get over pleasant surprises, but more wonders were coming. An excellent dinner first-champagne, which I declined, mis taking it for a suare. He insisted. I nar-rated my railway adventure and encounter with his flance, extolling her courage and nerve. He related the history of his courtship. Ensilage had made the match. It was his fad, then as Mrs. Pierpont, who had lately rented Hamerton Court Manor, had discovered. Business correspondence had led to personal relations, and whilst the mother discoursed learnedly of silos, the laughter's eyes shot the dart that disinme lounging over it, unadmonished. Out upon the old proverb about silk purses and sows' ears. Glory to Miss P. Celia Watson, who had done it-tamed the tiger, smoothed the porcupine. What angel aunt 1-

Suddenly Hopkins' letter crackled in my pocket, reminding me I was here to break the engagement. Celia was no angel, but a precipice. Although this marriage im poverished me, my feeling was of unquali-fied disappointment. What good had my "expectations" ever done me? Fifty thousand pounds' worth of worry uncle would get out of me before I realized a jot.
What was the obstacle! Why was Calia unworthy to become my aunt? Consumed with curiosity, I took the leave given to

puruse Hopkins' letter, Instinctively I fastened directly on the fatal passage. "Peter Watson, of the London police, left the force from ill-health and emigrated to Unionapolis. He opened a store and supplied the barracks * * He married the daughter of a baker-Howard. from Gunter's, London—and they had one daughter, Celia. Watson died the next year, and his widow married Pierpont, a hair-dresser, since deceased, who deserted her." I got no further. Policeman! Pastry-cook! Hair-dresser! I tore round the room excitedly. He, the soul of family pride, had been gulled by two adventur-

esses, misrepresenting themselves as well

born. Hideous conspiracy-opportunely defeated. He, who scorned a D'Aubigny as an inferior! Exhausted, I returned to my armchair. Yet, as passion subsided, I felt that regretful pang again. Uncle, soured by disenchantment, would become absolutely intolerable, I foresaw. Next time I came to Hamerton there would be two savage dogs to fly at my legs, no servant at all perhaps. I should have to make my own bed, dine off dry bread, or grass, like Nebuchadnezzar. Some day likely enough, he would murder me-uncles have murdered nephews before now—and be acquitted as insane. Confound Hopkins! Why must he unearth family secrets! And why must

o pedo. Next morning at breakfast, uncle looked up from reading my tutor's report, for warded from home, saying unsuspiciously "Your mother says you brought a letter She had given no hint, not the slightest preparation.

be thrust into the role of a domestic

"I was just going to give it you," I said esolutely. "Here it is."

CHAPTER III. Two hours inter I presented myself at Miss Watson's, with her trunks, which I had etched from the station. I found her alone, and promptly introduced myself as her in

tended nephew. She gave me a comic stare. "Well, I never, never-could have believed you'd be so nice. "You flatter," I murmured, ironically.

"Nice to me-you've no cause. I guess you could have done without a new aunt at this time of day.' She saved you trouble, this girl, I was

puzzling how to approach the thorny subect. She stepped straight into the bram-"How happy should I be to call you so." said I sarcastically. "But for that, you must first marry my uncle. Possibly you

may have noticed that Mr. Grimston is a very proud man."
"As Lucifer," she rejoined, "who, I'm sure, was English himself." e disowned my mother for marrying a

D'Aubigny. No Frenchman, according to his creed, would be an English gentleman's equal. "It's the rule," she said, coolly. "Your father was the exception, I suppose."
"And do you suppose." I exclaimed, enraged, "that he ever would have solicited your hand had he known the social stand-

ing of your father, the policeman; your grandfather, the confectioner; your stepfather, the hairdresser of Unionapolis?" Her stare was tragic now. Her cheek paled. She trembled. "You're joking," she faltered, hoarsely. I syrang up exultant, "Nay denial is useless. This letter," placing these historical facts beyond dis-

pute, "arrived yesterday in time to frustrate the imposition." With a "What!" of wild dismay the snatched the letter, read, shuddered, sank together, faintly ejaculating, "Lost!"
"Wretched girl!" I shouted. "Which are

entrapping him into a marriage under

false pretenses!"
"Stop, Mr. David," she implored.
As well might she have cried: "Whoa!" to a runaway fire engine." "Little whippersnapper of a nephewdead men's shoes! Parasites!"

"Mercy," she entreated. "So perish all fortune hunters!" She seized both my hands, saying: "Be silent and listen," so authoritatively that I

obeyed-as though she were my aunt, in-"My mother is the cause of this. She is a beautiful character, but she's got what they call an oriental imagination. She objects to giving plain things their right names. I'm used to hear her call a postillion a cavalier, dish-covers cupolas, a temporary jug a flagon, a street fight a duel, but this was carrying things too far! Mother, what frightful mischief have you done! Too late! "Can you possibly mean." I asked, bo-

wildered, "that these-disclosures-take her daughter by surprise-that you believe yourself of gentle oirth?" "Of course I did," she replied, simply. "How should I know better! True, once since my engagement she dropped a bint in her exuitation that excited my suspicions. But I never dreamt of anything approaching this, or I should have insisted on knowing the worst. Then, perhaps, if I'd fallen at his feet with a frank confession; but now he'll never forgive-never, in the violence of just resentment, believe me innocent of this fraud, for I can not prove it. O, my lost friend! Great goodness, that's his

knock! She started up. "Come to denounce mother and ch..d. How suall I face him. How brave his reproaches!

She hid her face. I stood over my aunt that was to have been, feeling almost tall and quite heroic. Now for a revenge, now for coals of tire.

It was a giorious moment. "Celia," I said, "it may not be too late. Listen. Touched by the sunshine your induence has brought into my uncle's life, I -withheld that letter-gave him one about ensilage instead. He suspects nothing. The frank confession is still yours to "Worthy nephew of your uncle," she cried, intending a compliment. "I'll thank you afterward. He musn't find you here.

This way-quick. I barely disappeared through one door as my uncle entered through the other, concerned to find his betrothed in tears. "My dear Cena," he began, so tenderly that I must peep through the key-hole to certify it was uncle speaking, "this wretched accident has affected your

"The train was upset, but it takes more to upset me," she sobbed. "I wish I'd been cut to pieces: I do. It would have spared me what I mind worse, and you would have regretted me. Say you would, Rich-"Celia, dearest love," here I nearly be

trayed myself by starting and yelling, "what have I done to provoke this strange reception! "Our marriage," she said, with desperate dignity, "can not take place." Said my uncle, with frowns in his voice: "This jesting, Celia, is ill-timed; I don't

understand. "Wait, and-you-will," she faltered. "A terrible family secret, carefully kept from me hitherto. Circumstances over which I had no control materially affect-"Pecuniary circumstances!" he suggested. You mean your fortune was overstated.

Your mother's liberal expenditure has led "It's worse than debts." she declared. paused, then announced, solemniy: "Blots on our escutcheon generations can not

"A family skeleton." he began uneasily, trying to laugh. "That's bad." "Worst than the worst you can imagine." "Worse than a crime," she affirmed. Hereupon he rose impatiently, saying:

"Dearest Celia, I think you have got conussion of the brain." "Not I," she returned, mournfully, "it's my mother's where the screw is loos Don't blame her before me, Richard. She is romantic-she has misled you about our origin by using high sounding language. The awful truth I never knew myself. Our union is impossible. I am no fit match for Richard Grimston." "The daughter of an eminent public func-

tionary, and of a collateral descendent of the Norfolk Howards is no unfit match, even for Richard Grimston. "He was a simple policeman," she sobbed. "in England; a storekeeper in America. Mother's family's only connection with herited David D'Aubigny. The evening passed rapidly. A cheerful fire was burning in my bed-room. Eleven o'clock found supplied their breakfast-table with fresh rolls. Take back your betrothal ring, Richard, the worst has yet to come. The late Mr. Pierpont was no artist-but a-a-per-

> There was a tremendous pause, broken by Celia's sobs. Touched, I was using my pocket handkerehief behind the door. My incle's voice, when he spoke again, sounded ominiously familiar. "You will excuse me if I leave you now. This intelligence has stunned me com-

> "It's all true," she declared. "Ask mamma." "Your word suffices," he said bastily, and left the house. Instantly I darted from my hiding place to the assistance of my promised aunt,

prostrate on the sofa. "Celia—aunt, be comforted," I implored.
"Never," she returned. "I'll break my eart-it'll serve mother out." How alleviate her distress? Presently came a brisk ring at the door, and in tripped Mrs. Pierpont, home from shopping. One glance at this pretty, careless, frisky. irresponsible-looking matron, the content of whose brain, I suspect, were mainly thistle down, explained much. Full of her purchases she began, without even noticing

"Colia, I've seen vour wedding-dress Just like a poet's dream, dear." "Wedding-dress!" echoed Celia, bitterly "Would it were."

"You won't be wanting to wear it everlastingly," replied Mrs. Pierpont, mis-understanding her. "And I've composed the loveliest white pearl cuirass."
"Hosh," cried Celia, frantically. "I wish I'd never seen Hamerton; never left America! Never been born! It's all your doing. "Of course it is," said Mrs. Pierpont, com-placently. "I brought you over expressly to afford you the opportunity of marrying an English gentleman-your ideal, you

"A likely thing," Celia bitterly responded, "that an English gentleman would marry a girl of my humble extraction. No use, mother, I know all, all; so does Rich—Mr. Grimston, and he's gone, leaving me branded as an adventuress. Mrs. Pierpont, very slightly disconcerted, looked around as if seeking an escape. Her eye fell upon me.

'Who is that young man?" she inquired. "Mr. David D'Aubigny," mourned Celia, my nephew that was to have been.
"He, then, is the informer against us." nephew that was to have been. "Mother, no; thanks to his generosity alone, I was enabled to inform against my self-and spared the disgraceful fate you

prepared for me.' Mrs. Pierpont began to sob. "I did it for your good, Celia-ungrateful girl. No princess ever had a better educa-tion, and we moved in excellent society in New York. And, after all, what did I tell you of Mr. Grimston that was false! Your papa was e valuable civil servant, and his was the only pure butter in Unionapolis. I've no doubt the vine Howards sprang from a branch of the Duke's family, though the proofs may be inaccessible. As to Mr. Pierpont, who's been dead these twenty four years, silence is golden, but this I must say, that he was unrivaled in the coiffeur's

Celia broke in vehemently:
"Mother, what mockery! Isn't it enough
that you've deceived Mr. Grimston, and

broken my beart!" "That's right-turn against your own mother, who never spoke or stirred but for you. If the wedding had come off, I'd have gone back to America and never troubled vou more. To think of that wedding dress now, why not remain so? wasted, and your traveling bag with the initials engraved; though certainly you might marry semebody else whose name

begins with a G."
"Never. I shall go into a convent tomorrow, and die soon. The scene was novel and pathetic—moth-er, daughter and intended nephew ming-ling their tears. A fresh ring made us all start. A messenger brought Celia a letter from my uncle.
"Read it," she said. "I daren't."

I read aloud:

valtures, pray? We, his kindred, or vou. Mrs. Pierpont. Celia interposed.

"Your confession, Celia, has shocked me greatly, but your frankness touches my heart. You are not responsible for the calling of your progenitors, nor for the deplorable error that left you misinformed. I do not choose that you should suffer undeservedly. The hand I offered in ignorance. I now extend to you in the fullest knowledge of your pedigree."
"That's acting like a gentleman," begau

"Mr. David D'Aubigny, my nephew that will be yet, tell me how I can show my gratitude!"

I told her. "When you become my aunt, contrive to make peace between your husband and his

"I will," she tersely replied. 1 had been sent down to mar the match, and there I had made it, fast and sure! Should I ever pacify my mother, I won-dered! Nevertheless, as I returned to Hamerton Grange, I repented nothing.

Mrs. Pierpont kept her word. The very day after the wedding she sailed, and subsequently married a banker-the genuine

article this time, I am told. Celia kept her word. The reconciliation she effected was speedy and complete. The richer by a transformed nucle, a charming aunt and interesting little cousins, I have never even missed my lost "expectations." -London Society.

A BACHELOR'S TRIALS. One of the Fraternity Tells All About His

Sorrows and Tribulations.

I am a bachelor, a real bachelornot one of those young men who rather pride themselves on being unmarried, because they know that they will be married just as soon as they really

alilance are now very slim ones. I may get married; I may also pick the single black bean out of a bushel sack of white ones with my eyes closed.

is not my fix. I have overstepped the

limit and my chances of a matrimonial

One as likely as the other. Am I complaining? No, it don't do any good to complain; but I want to let some of the troubles of bachelor life be known, that charitably inclined people all over the face of the earth will try to make the lot of some poor, miserable cuss of a bachelor a little easier. If I do this I shall have done some good.

The life of a bachelor is a nice, quiet life-undicturbed by family ties, children and other cares that worry his married brother; but almost every bachelor on this earth would accept the cares and term them them bless-

A bachelor's room is very often cosy and comfortable; oftener otherwise. It will often be found furnished luxuriously and arranged tastefully; oftener it will be found furnished niggardly and as completely disarranged as if a full-fledged cyclone had superintended its arrangement.

The contents of a bachelor's apartment are only equaled by the exhibition in a museum. You will find almost anything you call for; but if you want to sew a button on a shirt bosom, the button that will be seen, you can find only the black thread; while if the button is needed on a black vest the only thread that will unearth itself is as white as the driven snow. Bachelors used to such little annoyances as this pay no attention to such accidental perversity on the part of the thread, they only wonder then what on earth has become of all the needles? Say it is a white shirt needing the button I have the thread, but it's black; well, I'm in a hurry, so if I only had the needle, a little white chalk would hide the blackness of the thread for to-night. Say it's the black vest that is buttonless, and the thread happens to be white; well, thank goodness, my ink bottle will so discolor the whiteness of the thread that the man who made it would think he turned it out black. But all this don't bring up that needle; yesterday, while hunting up my extra collar button, I saw needles enough to run a family a year. Well, I'm in a hurry, I

guess I'll have to pin it again. Thus muses the poor bachelor; and cursing his fate, he finds a pin and is gone. How happy he would be if some woman would take him in charge; but no, he has put it off too long, and now he is too settled in his habits to even think of a change in his life except occasionally to brood over it as one of the impossibilities.

A bachelor has sometimes a happy beam falling across his path when he visits some lady friends, and after leaving he feels a slight hope tagging at his heart strings that all chances are not yet gone; but he goes on with his life and his way of living and the sunshine gradually shuts itself from out

Once in awhile some old-time chum, now married and a happy husband and father, insists on his leaving his restaurant dinner for one day and dining with him in his family circle. The bachelor enjoys this. He hangs out against going at first; but when he sees the little chaps clamber to the father's knee, and watches the beam of pride in the father's eves as he kisses each chubby cheek, he is real glad that Bob was kind enough to ask him. and hopes to have many dinners with Bob-determines when the little ones become familiar enough to approach and kiss him, that he will cultivate Bob more than he has done. He is tickled at the childish wonder with which the little rosy-faced ones gaze at him, and he is tempted to tell them that he is their uncle, that he may worm himself into their good graces the easier. He remembers a lot of advertising pictures he stuffed into his pocket a day or two since; they are brought out and one by

one the children are bribed to his knee. Bob's wife is a nice, gentle body, very lomestic, and a model wife, whom Bob loves devotedly, and who loves Boo to distraction. Bob don't say so, but you can see it. He has a pleasant time and a real nice dinner. Not so varied, possibly, as the one he left untasted at the restaurant, but so much more palatable. He thinks that he hasn't enjoyed a dinner before in ever so long, and is really sorry he must go, but he must. He has chatted with Bob and his wife and babies, through two of Bob's cigars,

and now he must turn his back on this cheerful family circle and get-back to his bachelor den. Truly, to-night it is more of a der than ever before-cold, bleak and sa cheerless. Mr. Bachelor thinks for awhile, then goes to bed, lies awake for an hour thinking of Bob's happiness and of his own unhappiness, and woo ders if he should marry would his home be equally as happy. Would it? There's

the doubt, the uncertainty-he's free Then disgusted and disgruntled by determines that he will never again g. to Bob's, for this visit has almost unset tled him, and surely made him envious No, he'll endure his lot. Then in his sleep, Bob and Bob's happiness, as well as his own misery, are forgotten.

Look out, boys, and don't put it of too long. My bachelor experience is about the average .- Peck's Sun. -Treacle Muffins: One and one fourth cups oatmeal, one cup flour, onehalf cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter worked into the sugar, one egg. small cup of milk, a teaspoonful sode dissolved in less than a half cup of

molasses, one egg, a little nutmeg.-

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